

1508/661

SONGS,
DUETS, GLEES, CHORUSSES, &c.
IN THE FAVORITE BURLETTA OF
The JEW and GENTILE,
OR
NO BOTTLE NO BIRD:
THE MUSICAL BAGATELLE OF .
The SPRING MEETING;
AND
THE NEW PANTOMIME OF
HARLEQUIN MARINER;
OR
THE WITCH OF THE OAKS.
AS PERFORMING
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,
AT
JONES'S ROYAL CIRCUS,
ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BURTON AND CO. NO II, GATE-STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS,
1796.

20403

BUTTS, GEORGE, CHORUS, &c.

IN THE TOWN OF BURETTA OF

THE JEW AND GENTILE

OF

NO TOWN NO MORE

THE MUSEUM OF THE



THE SPIRIT

THE NEW PANTOMIME OF

HARLEQUIN MARRIAGE

OR

THE WATCH OF THE OAKS

AS PERFORMING

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE

AT

JOHNSON'S ROYAL CIRCUS

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS

LONDON:

PRINTED BY LUTON AND CO. NO. 11, GATE STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

1750.

SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE FAVORITE BURLETTA OF

THE JEW AND THE GENTILE.

CHARACTERS.

Mordecai Moses, Mr. DAVIS,
Farmer Jack, Mr. HELME,
And Tim Staytape, Mr. BLANCHARD;
Goody Greylocks, Mrs. HENLEY,
And Betfy Bobbin, Mrs. ILIFF.

BALLAD—MR. HELME.

I.

WHEN I was at home as the lark I was gay,
That warbles so wantonly wild in the spring;
At plough or at threshing I'd labour all day,
Or when driving my team how I'd whistle and sing !
For I lov'd my darling, a neat pretty maid,
But she from our village unkindly did rove ;
So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I be com'd up to town, and my journey is love.

II.

Over head I was sous'd in affection, I vow,
Nor morn, noon, or night could a gay moment bring,
At threshing, at driving the team or the plough,
No more the blithe lay could I whistle or sing ;
For I lov'd my darling, a neat pretty maid,
But she from our village unkindly did rove ;
So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I be com'd up to town, and my journey is love.

A

She

She was kind to me once, aye, as kind as she's fair,
 In her ears love-lorn ditties I'd frequently ding,
 Which she would admire; and I vow and declare
 Was pleas'd with the notes that I'd whistle and sing;
 Efeggs! then I thought her my own pretty maid;
 But away from our village the fair one did rove;
 So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
 I be com'd up to town, and my journey is love.

BALLAD---MR. HELME.

WHEN golden wav'd the corn,
 And begg'd the fickle's aid,
 I rose at blush of morn,
 My burnished hook display'd:—
 Well pleas'd the hours did pass
 Till Phoebus sunk to rest,
 Then speeding to my lafs,
 Her presence made me blest!
 I love my sweet, my comely, neat,
 My bonny blue-ey'd Betty,
 To me no hawthorn's half so sweet
 As is the breath of Betty.

My



(5)

My merry little Betty, my cherry-cheek'd young Betty,
All day I'd toil to gain a smile
From bonny blue-ey'd Betty.

II.

The milk-pail for my fair
I've carried oft ere now;
Attended her with care
While she has milk'd her cow;
At wakes where pastimes spring,
With her I spruce am seen;
And, happy as a king,
She reigns my rustic queen.
I love, &c.

BALLAD---MR. BLANCHARD.

IN love be I
Fifth button high,
On velvet runs my courting;
Sheers, buckram, twist,
Best broad-cloth, list,
I leave for other sporting.

A 2

From

From needle, thread,
My fancy's fled,
My heart is set a-throbbing ;
And, no one by,
I cros-legg'd figh
For charming Betsy Bobbin.

II.

Her lips so sweet
Are velveret,
Her eyes do well their duty,
Her skin to me
Is dimity,
The pattern she's of beauty ;
Her hand squeez'd oft
Is fatin soft,
And sets my heart a-throbbing ;
Her cheeks, oh dear !
Red casimere !
Lord, what a Betsy Bobbin !

III.

Her roguish smile
Can well beguile,
Her ev'ry look bewitches ;
Yet never stir,
When tack'd to her,
But Tim will wear the breeches.

I've

(7)

I've face and mien,
Am sharp and keen,
And tho' my heart keeps throbbing,
There's not (in fine)
One man in nine
So fit for Betfy Bobbin.

COMIC SONG---MRS. HENLEY.

I.

YOUTH and beauty once suited my features not ill,
Brave suitors oft said I've a mind t'ye;
And surely I've some little beauty left still—
A droll old beauty of ninety.

II.

Young girls of the age so be-feather'd and tall,
With their little waists beaux say divine t'ye;
No plumage have I, tho' my *waste* has been small,
A droll old beauty of ninety.

III.

At dances I ever as first couple stood,
Says my partner, this hand I consign t'ye;
And I jig it e'en now when tunes tickle my blood,
A droll old dancer of ninety.

IV. In

IV.

In search of a husband a long time I've been,
But, young wenches, the men have a mind t'ye;
Tho' I've ten times more knowledge than girls of fifteen—
A droll old maiden of ninety!

SONG---MR. DAVIS.

TUNE, "*The Dead of the Night.*"

I.

'TwasH the top of the morning so pleasant and clear,
I wash crying old clothes ven my love did appear;
Her sweet tawney beauties vash tempting to view,
Says I, pretty Miftress Solomons how vas you do?

II.

I vash cheaply then purchase a smile from my dear,
And vas whisper my vishes quite loud in her ear;
Says I, pretty Miftress Solomons ve both are undone
If old Rabbi Abrahams don't make us one.

III. The

III.

The bargain vash struck then without no delay,
 And pretty Mistrefs Solomons vash made Mordecai;
 All Jews' Place resounded with laughter and glee,
 And pretty little smouches soon danc'd on our knee.

MOCK BRAVURA---MRS. ILIFF.

OH! the sweet Italiano!
 Bold a forte, soft Piano!
 Sweet the cadence alto passo!
 Then the loud and rumbling basso!
 Treble, tenor and falsetto!
 Sweet sonato, droll duetto,
 Gay Allegro, Allegretto!
 De liquid note swell pensoroso!
 Den vivace spirituosso!

To tickle Jackey Bull and touch the fee,
 His native music charms no more;
 Through the Wood Laddie, Gramachree,
 And tol de rol's a monstrous bore!
 But let them all their crochets play,
 I'll ever cry encore, encore!
 To noble "Rule Britannia,"

DUE

III
DUET---Mr. BLANCHARD and Mr. DAVIS.

I.

Blanch. Push round the stuff—I'll stick in his skirts,
(*ASIDE.*)

Tear out the bottles lining, bumpers drink.

Davis. Dat he swallows my vine it my conscience hurts,
Only dat I means to touch de chink!

Both. Come another glass.

Davis. Here's your pretty las,

Blanch. Here's my pretty las,

Both. Steady, old boy, be steady.

Davis. While circles de vine

Blanch. While circles the wine

Davis. That purse shall be mine.

Blanch. That deed shall be mine.

Both. Why he's half cut up already—tol lol de rol, &c.

II.

Blanch. He's so in for't soon he'll be very bad,
Zookers! how he dances up and down the ground!

Davis. Dat he's got so drunk I am vashly glad,
Oh! plesh my soul how the plaish runs round!

Both. Come another glass, &c.

FINALE.

Mr. Helme. I envy not the richest swain,
Who dwells in town or city;
Of wordly goods I can't complain,
I've all in lovely Betty.

Mrs.

Mrs. Iliff. And happy in my farmer lad,
 The year will glide so cheerly;
 With him I never can be sad,
 I love the youth so dearly.

DUET.

Mr. Helme. } So here our little story ends,
Mrs. Iliff. } We hope you'll take it not ill;
 And may our gen'rous best of friends,
 Ne'er want a bird or bottle.

Chorus. So may our gen'rous best of friends, &c.

Mrs. Henley. Master, a merry match we'll make,
 You've oft admir'd my beauty;

Mr. Blanchard. Ods measures! no, 'twill never take,
 That match will never suit ye.

Mr. Davis. In amities, old boy, we'll live,
 Dishcard all over reaching,
 For sheating play will never trive,
 As plainly ve've been teaching.

All. So here our little story ends, &c.

SONGS, &c.

IN THE MUSICAL BAGATELLE OF

The Spring Meeting or Ploughboy's Stake.

CHARACTERS.

Cloddy, Mr. BLANCHARD,

Kit Crop, Mr. DAVIS,

Molly, Mrs. DAVIS.

DIALOGUE-CATCH.

HERE, Waiter. Coming, Sir, Zounds, be steady.

My Ale. Is that cool tankard ready?

Be jolly, 't isn't oft we meet.

I'll bet you twenty on next heat.

Done, done. And done, I understand ye.

Bring me a bumper, Jack, of brandy!

High fun for you, brave gig for me.

Oh! damme, but we're all in glee.

SONG

SONG---CLODDY.

TUNE, "*Plough-Boy*."

I.

A Plough-boy, neighbours knew me, as jocund as cou'd
 be,
 Who blithsome late and early oft whistled o'er the lea;
 A faucy footman's place I got, and thought I'd soon grow
 rich,
 But, dang it, Fortune's such a jade, she flung me in the
 ditch.
 So now, d'ye see, to th' races I'm com'd to pick up pelf,
 And, dang it, but I'll lose my all afore I'll lose myself;
 And if I make my comrades smile, so great a mon I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the
 lea.

II.

When spring adorns the meadows, all nature revels gay,
 And when the sun shines chearily the time 'tis to make hay;
 So, dang it, las, let's start us fair, no pouting or a frown,
 Endeavour yet may heap the cart afore the sun goes down;
 I'll hedge my stake so warily, and make my bets so sure,
 That if Ill-luck should call again he'll not find out the
 door:
 And if I make auld comrades smile, so great a mon I'll be,
 You'll orget the little plough-boy, &c.

DIALOGUE DUET---CLODDY and MOLLY.

Molly. If I should chance to marry you from this rule
never swerve,

To ever treat me kind and well.

Cloddy. As well as you deserve.

Molly. For men and maids to wait upon me, you must
find the pelf.

Cloddy. Yes, dear, you shall be waited on, so wait upon
yourself.

Molly. Provide me all my heart can wish, or else I'll fret
and teize,
And lead you such a weary life.

Cloddy. You shall whene'er I please.

Molly. For comfort, when I'm left alone, to soften wed-
lock's woes,

Some spruce gallant shall 'tend me.

Cloddy. I'll tent him if he does.

Molly. Right hand and left, too, in the dance we'll trip it
when you're gone.

Cloddy. It may be right, but look ye now, 'tis better left
alone.

Molly. I'll swear I'll have my humour, or begone you
wicked brute.

Cloddy. Nay, Molly, 'fore you make me one pray let my
humour suit.

Both. You never, never shall command,

With sweets I'll bitters mingle;

The bargain's struck, and here's my hand,

Ecod! we'll both live single.

SONG

SONG---KIT CROP.

I.

KIT CROP am I with Spencer spruce,
My gig on *quatres*, grays a *deuce*!
Am ever on the wing;
My hair new cropp'd, because 'tis said
No hair he wants who lacks a head;
So, zounds! I'm quite the thing!
A knowing, going, dashing, splashing,
Laughing, quaffing, roring, scoring,
Racing, pacing, tory, rory, jolly blade,
Every knowing trick I've play'd;
The whirligig owns me its master,
Billiards, whist, the jolly cafter;
Cut a card, the guinea hide,
Cocking, or a match to ride;
Let me bet with great or small,
I can't tell how, but I nick them all!
With my tal lal, &c.

II.

What tho' I ne'er was college bred,
And learning never rack'd my head;
Or Greek, or such like stuff,
Let sense dwell in the learned skull,
Tho' empty here, my pocket's full;
For that I've Greek enough.
A knowing, &c.

TRIO

TRIO—CROP, CLODDY and MOLLY.

Crop. In ev'ry game, tho' Fortune's blind,
And merit will ill-treat,
The best of players you will find,
By chance and cards are beat.

Cloddy. Then as we shuffle life away,
And honours cut so cheary,
Let's hope those pleasant cards to play,
Will render gaming merry.

Molly. Good humour ever fit a-near,

Crop. And mirth, sweet tit, I love her ;

Molly. Nor jocund Friendship disappear,

Cloddy. Whene'er the game is over.

CATCH by different Characters previous to
the first Heat.

NEXT heat, my buck, before they start,
An even bet—With all my heart ;
Tanta-ra-ran—I bet you, Sir—
Oh ! damn that noisy trumpeter !
I'm fifty out—Zounds ! worse and worse !
Damnation ! mind, I back that horse.
Colour of the riders ! clear the course !
They're going to start—The sport is ripe.
Red jacket—Yellow—Damme, Stripe.

FINALE.

FINALE.

THUS life you see is but a race,
And all its pleasures fleeting;
But happy we, if pleas'd, you'll grace
With plaudits, our **SPRING MEETING.**

SONGS,

(18)

SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE NEW PANTOMIME OF

Harlequin Mariner,

OR

THE WITCH OF THE OAKS.

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Sailors, Messrs. BLANCHARD, PILBROW and HELME,
Woodman, Mr. BLANCHARD,
And Teague O'Blunder (the Clown) Mr. DAVIS.
Market-woman, Mrs. HENLEY,
Mrs. Fiction (the Fortune-teller), Mrs. DAVIS,
And The Witch of the Oaks, Mrs. ILIFF.

GLEE.

MESSRS. BLANCHARD, PILBROW AND DAVIS.

WE be shipwreck'd mariners by cruel tempests tost,
Our gallant vessel stranded, a wreck upon this coast;
Full many a tar ne'er reach'd the shore,
But made some wave
His wat'ry grave,
And left us to deplore.

AIR

AIR---MRS. ILIFF.

Ye sprites who anear this dense forest reside,
Or lodg'd in an acorn deep hidden from view,
Or eke the oak-apple in mad antics stride,
Or æther inhale, or are sipping the dew;
Haste, haste elves to me,
Trip airy and free,
Death's cold iron hand your assistance provokes;
Haste, merry sprites all !

CHORUS RESPONSE.

We attend to your call,
The fairies, and witches, and elves of the oaks.

INCANTATION---MRS. ILIFF.

By the shipwright's wond'rous art,
By the navigator's skill,
By the compass and the chart,
By the mariner's good will;
By Britain's prowess on the seas,
Which Fame sounds to the skies,
By her num'rous naval victories,
Gay Harlequin arise !

CHORUS.

Arise, arise, gay Harlequin, arise !

C

SONG

SONG---MRS. ILIFF.

Trip, skip, and on land or the ocean
My best wishes still shall be centred in thee;
Fear neither storm nor commotion,
An Englishman's element still is the sea.
Adieu, and success steer you safe on your way!
Singing Yeo, yeo, yeo! and fal la ral la—

CHORUS.

Adieu and success, &c.

SONG---MR. DAVIS.

Och! my master died one day, much sickness he bore;
I wak'd him and howl'd, Arrah, why would you die?
Tho' fait such a trick he ne'er serv'd me before,
For so soundly he slept he ne'er answer'd my cry.
So, a jontleman born, now as trade I detest,
I've got a new place with those old and young cratures,
Tho' ev'ry thing's bad, why its all for the best,
In the land now of gold fait as well as potatoes.
With a whilliluh, pilliluh, &c.

II. Says

II.

Says a friend t'other day, Arrah, Teague, you're a dunc,
 You'll come to be hang'd, och! bad luck to your looks!
 Good luck, says I, Pat, to the spalpeen at once,
 May they both never happen, so none of your jokes!
 No victuals, och hone! pass'd my lips but some snuff,
 Thof I bow'd bolt upright to your calipash cratures;
 And as for fresh water I'd salt tears enough,
 In the land, &c.

III.

My estate wasn't worth or to have or to holt,
 Arrah! quite out of elbows and terribly botch'd,
 And my cash you might hunt as you'd hunt a wild colt,
 In my pocket's fly corner before it was catch'd:
 No coat to my arms, wid my rags all afloat,
 Like cats in strange garrets I ogled the cratures
 But a jontleman's arms now I'll clap to my coat,
 In the land, &c.

SONG---MRS. HENLEY.

I.

If a body meet a body going to the fair,
 If a body kifs a body need a body care?
 If a body seek a body, need a body fly?
 No, no such body's market Goody, what the deuce care I!

C 2

II. If

II.

If a body meet a body coming from the well,
 If a body kifs a body need a body tell?
 Ev'ry Jenny has her Jockey, none for me will figh,
 But all the lads they love me so, what the deuce care I!

III.

If a body meet a body coming to the town,
 If a body kifs a body need a body frown?
 No Jenny sure a kifs to Jockey always would deny;
 So let 'em woo me, fondly sue me, what the deuce care I?

 SONG---MR. BLANCHARD.

I.

When I was a younker, says feyther to I,
 What trade, little Ralph, wouldst thou take to?
 I answer'd, efeggs! like a poor harmless boy,
 Your's sure, for I ne'er can forsake you.
 You jollily works and you merrily sing,
 Then the branch from the tree don't be lopping;
 Late or early, in summer, in winter or spring,
 With you I'll be cleaving and chopping:
 For labour and health will be friends thro' the day,
 And the merry, merry, merry bells join our roundelay.

II.

My school-fellow Jack why turn'd lawyer before,
 Old Nick shew'd the road to prefarment,
 Set friends by the ears, and he plunder'd the poor,
 Od ratten, I hate fuch black varment !
 A doctor was Dick, and he drugg'd folks to death,
 Of him too the neighbours cry'd shame on't !
 A corn-factor Wull, I shall hate while I've breath,
 To monopolize he had the name on't :
 But, dang fuch base traffic—I toil thro' the day,
 While the merry, merry bells join our roundelay.

III.

But mark now the end on't, the lawyer one day
 Wrote his name on a wrong bit of paper ;
 So ecod ! to old big wig they took'd him away,
 And on nothing he cut his last caper.
 Dick, the doctor, was poison'd by drugs of his own ;
 The corn-factor paid dear for his carving,
 Plenty fill'd ev'ry market, the prices went down,
 So a bankrupt is Wull now and starving ;
 While labour and health stand my friends thro' the day,
 And the merry, merry bells join our roundelay.

SONG

SONG—MRS. DAVIS.

I.

YOUR fortunes I tell you, can read well your doom,
 The future, the present, the past and to come,
 Know that you of a romping bout ne'er was afraid,
 That you'll kill five husbands; you'll die an old maid;
 What I tell will as true and as certain be found,
 As that fortune's a jilt, and her wheel runs round.

II.

That you simpering prude can look sly through your fan,
 That your tongue gives the lie to your heart about man;
 That you'll get an old husband soon rich as a Jew:
 No, no, no, Madam Brazen, I didn't mean you,
 What I tell will as true, &c.

III.

That you'll walk, or you'll ride, or be carried I wot,
 Or amble, or canter, or gallop or trot;
 You'll eat, drink and sleep, and you'll laugh, quaff and
 cry,
 That you all of you *live*—and you'll all of you *die*,
 What I tell will as true, &c.

SONG

SONG—MR. DAVIS.

I.

ARRAH! who can stand still in this shivering state,
So thick the thin wafers keep running a race;
The wint'ry raw supper they've sent as a treat,
They may dress for themselves I've no fire in my face;
My courage they've cool'd,
And I'm not over bold,
Shivering, shaking,
Quivering, quaking,
Will I, nil I, cold and chilly,
Tho' born for all weathers,
Stript bare of my feathers,
My knees knock, teeth chatter,
Och! hone! what's the matter?
Here's a warm life for Tague, who's stone dead with the
cold.

II.

Tho' sheepish I look 'tis lamb's wool that I lack,
Light wear for so heavy a fall will ne'er suit,
A sheep's skin wou'd prove a warm shirt to my back,
Och! you've a true bosom friend when you back a furtout.
My courage, &c.

FINALE

FINALE--MRS. ILIFF. &c. &c.

Witch. Let sprightly music's cheering sound
The bosom be elating,
And merry bells a peal ring round,
In concert animating.

Chorus. Let sprightly, &c.

*Sailor to }
Columbine. }* Releas'd you gladly hail the day,
Joy oft springs from disaster;

Teague. Fain she's releas'd the Irish way,
To soon be tied the faster.

Chorus. Let sprightly, &c.

Sailor. May conquest still the seaman crown,
To honour's cause his clearing,
For England's glory and renown,
We wish but to be living.

Chorus. Let sprightly, &c.



